VIVA

ANNA

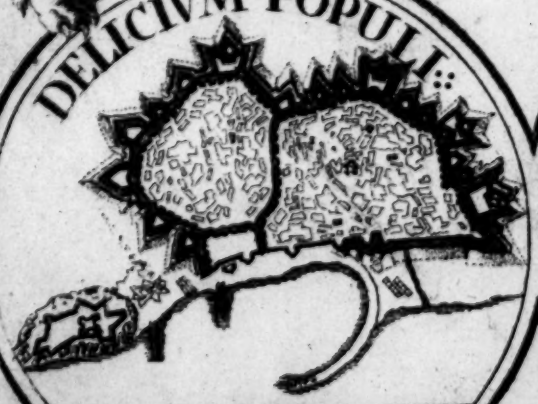
REGINA

MAG: BRI-TAN:

FRAN-CIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ

FLOREAT, CRESCAT, TRIUMPHET

DELICIVM POPULI::

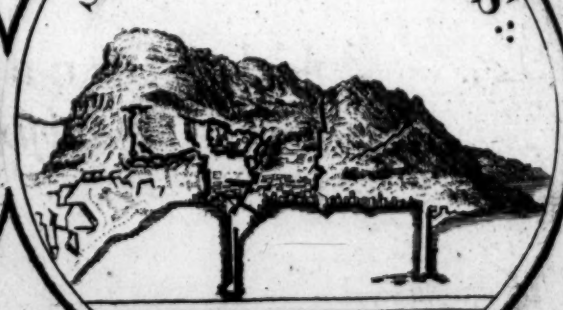


Barcelona

TERROR INIMICORVM

Bleinheim

SOLATIUM MISERIS::



Gibraltar

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

England's Glory:

A

POEM.

Perform'd in a

Musical Entertainment

BEFORE HER

MAJESTY,

ON HER

Happy BIRTH-DAY.

LONDON:

Sold by RICHARD HARRISON at *New-Inn* Gate in *Witchstreet* without *Temple-Bar.* 1706.

England's Glory:

A

POEM.

Political

Musical Entertainment

OF

MAJESTY.

On the

HAPPY BIRTH-DAY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE
QUEEN.

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

THE Felicity and Triumphs of Your MAJESTY's *Reign, as it is the Hope and Succour of all* Europe, *ſo it is the Pride and Delight of all Your Subjects: I, who am one of the meaneſt of them, (tho' a Foreigner) cannot but rejoice in the common Happineſs; and have compos'd the Muſical Parts to the following Poem (made in Form of an* OPERA) *to celebrate Your* MAJESTY's *Glory and happy Birth-Day, and proſtrate them at Your Royal Feet, being*

Your MAJESTY's

Moſt humble
and moſt dutiful
Subject and Servant,

James Kremberg.

Perſons to Sing.

Bellona, Goddeſs of War.
Ceres, Goddeſs of Corn, &c.
Britannia.
Europe.
Aſia.
Africa.
America.
Neptune.
Atlas.

Bellona

Bellona *appears in a celeſtial Machine, and ſings as follows:*

LOv'd *Britannia!* Heav'n allows Thee
All Her rural Bleſſings here;
Honey, Milk, and Corn beſtows Thee,
Fruitful Fields, and temp'rate Air:
Lofty Foreſts, Cattel ſhielding,
Yields vaſt Fleets, and ſtately Building.

While Bellona *ſings,* Britannia *comes forward.*

BELLONA.

Shoals of Fiſhes always coaſting
Round thy pleaſant Beachy Shoar;
And proud Yeomen daily boaſting
Of their num'rous Woolly Store;
While thy Gardens, Parks and Paſtures
Make Kings wiſh to be their Maſters.

CERES.

Happy Clime the Seat of Plenty,
Where each Year a Harveſt ſhines,
Richer far than *Indian* Mines,
Or the Eaſtern Pearly Shore.
This the bounteous Powr's have ſent ye,
'Midſt a thouſand Bliſſes more.

BRITANNIA.

Rejoice, ye Natives of this Iſle,
On whom *Saturnian* Pleaſures ſmile;

Bright *ANNA* bids your Troubles ceaſe,
And now in War procures you Peace.
Arts and Arms Her Favours nouriſh;
Muſick, Wit, and Learning flouriſh.
Tides of Wealth by Her are flowing;
Virtue, Trade, and Empire growing;
Fame abroad our Triumphs ſounding,
And Content at Home abounding.

BELLONA.

See! what Multitudes reſort,
Paying Homage to Her Court!
Diff'rent People now appear,
As their various Lands were here.
Lo! the quarter'd Globe in Trains
Viſit fair *Britannia*'s Plains.

Europe *enters with a pompous Train.*

Hail! all hail! victorious Nation!
Gallia's Dread, and *Auſtria*'s Guard;
Europe brings thee this Oblation, [*lays down at*
[Britannia's *Feet a Sword.*
As thy Valour's ſole Reward.
Hail, *Britannia!* Hail to Thee!
Sent from Heav'n to ſet us free
From dragooning Slavery.

A Dance of Europeans.

Aſia *enters with a magnificent Train.*

From her large Confines *Aſia* comes,
Laden with Spices, Pearls, and Gums;

Exacted

Exacted Tribute here displays,
And thus her Orient Incense pays.
[*Offers her Treasures.*
For, where e'er the Winds have blown
Thy spreading Canvas Sails,
Thy Sov'reignty prevails;
All to Thee Subjection own.

A Dance of Asians.

Africa *enters with a splendid Train.*

Sun-burnt *Africk* humbly deigns
T'offer all her Slaves in Chains.
A kneeling Captive prostrate falls, [*All kneel down.*
And for gen'rous Mercy calls;
Owns thy Brav'ry, made her bow,
And bend with dread Obeisance low.

A Dance of Africans.

America *enters with a stately Train.*

The new discover'd World behold!
Opens her latent Mines,
Her Treasury resigns;
And sends her Silver and her Gold: [*Presents Gold.*
Acknowledges thy Navies Might,
And yields to thy undoubted Right
Her rich Plantations,
Where Sugar, Drugs and Cotton,
In Quantities are gotten,
To furnish Northern Nations.

A Dance of Americans.

A calm

A calm Sea, and Neptune *ariſes in a Chariot, drawn by Sea-Horſes, where a remote View of the* Brittiſh *Fleet terminates the Sight. His Machine is ſurrounded with Tritons and Mermaids.*

NEPTUNE.

View *Neptune*'s aroſe
In ſpight of thy Foes,
His Trident and Mace to ſurrender.
The Rule of the Main
Thy Flags ſhall maintain,
And thy Ships ride the Ocean's Defender.
Not *Spain*, or proud *France*
Shall dare to advance,
When Broadſides begin their loud rattle;
But like Cowards turn Tail,
Or with Terror ſtrike Sail,
And yield you the Triumph of Battel.

A Dance of Neptune.

Atlas *with the Globe upon his Neck.*

Old *Atlas* too is come to greet
Thy Proweſs and thy Fame compleat;
With ſturdy Strides has ſtrode along
Through an ambitious potent Throng,
And at thy unreſiſtleſs Beck
Has brought the Globe upon his Neck,
To lay at Royal *ANNA*'s Feet.

A Dance of Atlas.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

In Dances and Songs let Obedience be ſhown,
Since all the whole Earth now ſubmits to Her Throne;
And *Britain*'s become great Fortune's chief Minion,
T'extend o'er the Globe Her much lov'd Dominion.
Mighty *ANNA*s Praiſe we'll rehearſe,
And from Shoar to Shoar
Her Grandeur adore,
Through all th'unbounded Univerſe.

A Dance of Britannia *and* Ceres.

At the finiſhing of this Dance, the Globe changes into a high Pyramid, or Obelisk, adorn'd with Laurels, and an Imperial Crown above, ſupported below by a Lion and Unicorn, and on the Pyramid this Inſcription, VIVAT ANNA, REGINA MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FRANCIÆ, ET HIBERNIÆ. FLOREAT, CRESCAT, TRIUMPHET. *The Globe opens, and divides into three equal Parts; the middlemoſt Concave preſents the Battel of* Bleinheim, *with this Motto,* TERROR INIMICORUM. *On the Right Hand* Barcelona, *with this Motto,* DELICIUM POPULI. *On the Left appears* Gibraltar, *with this Motto,* SOLATIUM MISERIS: *As may be ſeen in the Frontiſpiece.*

BELLONA.

Britannia! praiſe the ſacred Majeſty
Of your incomparable Queen;
Ariſe, ſhew your Fidelity,
Let now your Loyalty be ſeen;

Since all the World proclaims Her Praiſe,
In joyful and harmonious Lays.
Let not this Iſle be lull'd in Sleep,
While Foreign Pow'rs great Revels keep.
Behold how Heav'n aſſerts Her Cauſe!
Subdues proud Pow'rs, and gives them Laws.
Britannia! Praiſe the Sacred Majeſty
Of your incomparable Queen;
Ariſe, ſhew your Fidelity,
Let now your Loyalty be ſeen.
Let's all aloud Her Praiſe proclaim,
To our great Queen's Eternal Fame.

BRITANNIA.

Long live our Queen *ANNA* in glorious State,
Surrounded with Triumph and fortunate Fate.

CHORUS.

Long live our Queen *ANNA, &c.*

BRITANNIA.

Kind Heav'n on Her all Virtue beſtows,
The Delight of Her People, and Dread of Her Foes.

Grand Dance.

Grand Chorus to ſing and to dance.

Long live our Queen *ANNA* in glorious State,
Surrounded with Triumph and Fortunate Fate;
Kin'd Heav'n on Her all Virtue beſtows:
The Delight of Her People, and Dread of Her Foes.

FINIS.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM